

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

MY HOME DOWN ON THE FARM.

Words and Music by Frank Conway.

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A. W. Auner, Tenth & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

My home down on the farm, my dear old rustic home,
Where so often I have sported when a child;
Fondest memory can recall, how we gathered one and all,
To the meadows where the violets grow wild;
In fancy I can see the tall and stately tree,
As we sat beneath its branches broad and long;
And I hear my mother's voice, as it made my heart rejoice,
When she sang to me the old familiar song.

My home down on the farm, my childhood's happy home,
With its vine-clad porch and bubbling spring so clear;
All is changed by time's rough hand, home is in another land,
Only memory left my weary soul to cheer;
My mind in fancy free lives again in childish glee,
As I see the dear old place and merry throng;
And I hear my mother's voice, as it made my heart rejoice,
When she sang to me the old familiar song.

CHORUS.

(To be Sung after 2d Verse only)

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

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